Vice Presidential Debate

Two Irishmen.
What can you expect?

Even the tight little
accountant of the 1%, en-

nunciating fascist Ayn
Randisms, possesses
blarney blood nonetheless.

The second bucko hails
from the Tip O'Neill,
Jim Curley school,

where whiskey flows
like buttermilk and

miraculous narratives
meander through
flatulent meadows. He’ll

tell jokes inappropriate
as the definition of
Irish foreplay:

Brace yourself, Bridget!
The other Harp ordained
to steer altar-boy clear.